# THE NEUTER: OR, A MODEST SATIRE ON THE POETS OF THE AGE.

*By a* LADY.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable

*Mary Wortley Montague.*

*As the ſoft Plume gives ſwiftneſs to the Dart,*
*Good breeding ſends the Satire to the Heart.* Young.

*LONDON:*

Printed for T. OSBORNE, in *Gray's-Inn*, near the Walks; and ſold by A. DODD at *Temple-Barr*. [*Price Six Pence.*]

# A CHOICE
OF THE
# MODERN SATIRE
OF A
# NEW KIND:
THE

To the Right Honourable the

# LADY

## MARY WORTLEY MOUNTAGUE.

*MADAM,*

*I Shou'd have been guilty of an unpardonable Inconſiſtency, if I had made choice of any other Patroneſs then your* Ladyſhip; *a Perſon leſs celebrated for their Wit and Writings, muſt conſequently be leſs concern'd for the viſible decay of a noble Art, which has of late, been miſerably abus'd by a ſet of bad Poetaſters, who have almoſt reduc'd it to redicule.*

*I preſume Madam, the following Lines will diſcover a greater Veneration for Mr.* Pope, *than Contempt for his Adverſaries: But I can never be ſo much blinded by partiality, as to think the* Dunciad *without Faluts: He has certainly made his Enemies more ſignificant than they cou'd poſſibly make themſelves; and ſince he was ſo much above the reach of their* Malice, *I heartily wiſh he had been above committing their* Crime!

*I can't help thinking Mr.* Pope *too like that furious Traveller who alighted from his Horſe, and drew his Sword to deſtroy all the* Graſs-hoppers *that (he thought) offended him; when if he had quietly perſued his Journey, he had ſav'd himſelf the redicülous Trouble.*

*I am*

# DEDICATION.

*I am apprehenſive that Mrs.* Haywood *may think me guilty of an Error which I wou'd willingly explode; I own that any Misfortune occaſion'd by bad Circumſtances, is a very ſhameful Theam for Satire: But I am of Opinion, that her uncleanneſs is not ſo much occaſion'd by her Poverty, as her dirty Work; for I have, long ſince, made the Obſervation,* That great Dealers in Scandal, are great Strangers to clean Linnen. *In her* [redacted]topia, *and things of that Nature, ſhe has endeavour'd to copy Mrs.* Manley's *Vice, without her Merit: I am perſwaded that a Perſon of your* Ladyſhips *Diſpoſition muſt deteſt ſuch inhumane Undertakings, where inſtead of drawing a kind Veil over the private Misfortunes of worthy Families (admitting their Accounts to be true) they not only cruelly aggravate, but officiouſly tranſmit 'em to Poſterity.*

*I ought to ask Dr.* Young's *Pardon for this Invaſion of his Province; but I believe the weakneſs of the Satire, will ſufficiently diſcover it to be Female.*

*I heartily wiſh, that, from this Moment our Men of Genius wou'd be unanimous in their Endeavours to reſtore Poetry to its former Credit, that it may, once more, be an Honour to the* Engliſh *Nation.*

*I am*

*Madam,*

*Your* Ladyſhips

*Moſt obedient,*

*Humble Servant.*

*London,*
*May 27, 1733.*

THE

THE

# NEUTER,

A

# SATIRE.

IN this rude Age, where Vice triumphant reigns;
Where humble Merit modeſtly complains;
Where bare Detraction meets with loud Applauſe;
And babling Scandal quits the Female Cauſe:
Where Wit, licentious, can unbluſhing, ſend
The cruel Jeſt, to ſtab the falling Friend.
Correct ſuch Crimes, Reformers! if you can;
Now the drole Fellow is the riſing Man.

Satire, in vain diſplays her noble Rage!
Satire! the Scourge of an abandon'd Age!
Miſled by Envy, and o'ercharg'd with Spite,
Now Bards on Bards malicious Satires write;
In vulgar Stile, detracting Deeds rehearſe,
And thus revert the tuneful Sounds of Verſe.
Ye ſleeping Sons of Harmony, ariſe!
O ſee how waſt your lov'd *Parnaſſus* lies!
You! who by Merit gain'd a deathleſs Fame;
You! who with Honours grac'd the Poets Name!
O ſee to what baſe Actions Authors bow,
That awful Name! implies a Scandal now!
See *Pope*! the Monarch of the tuneful Train;
*Pope*! who alone can touch the charming Strain!

He whoſe ſweet Songs have gain'd immortal Praiſe!
Even *Pope* with Scandal, has defil'd his Lays:
What can excuſe his Breach of ancient Rules?
To make deformity the Jeſt of Fools;
Why ſhou'd a ſad, unpleaſing Form, degrade,
A Man whom Nature has unkindly made?
Can *Moor* his large, unhandſome Shape reduce?
That cant be Satire, —— but low, mean abuſe.

*Young*, from Contempt, can Satires Fame redeem;
For Satire is (I fear) his darling Theam.
Beware! leaſt an ill natur'd Name you gain;
He who delights in Satire, muſt be vain.

*Dennis*, to you this kind Advice I ſend;
For I'll forget your Faults, and be your Friend!
The time draws near, (then give ſuch Follies o'er.)
When you, alas! muſt Criticiſe no more!
O be devoutly Penitent! —— *reclaim!*
From that *laſt Work!* the World muſt date your Fame!

*Welſted*, by him be warn'd! for all agree,
A ſecond *Dennis* may ſurvive in Thee;
Tire not the growning Age with doggrel Rhimes,
To be the ſnarling Critick of the Times.

*Tibbald!* no more maintain th' unequal Fight:
How ſhou'd a Man without a Genius write?
Thy Care and Toil, ſure, *Tonſon* ſhou'd prefer;
For a dull Pedant makes an Editor.
Ther's none ſo fit to ſearch for long loſt Words;
Or rake in Filth for *Shakeſpear*'s antique T——
That Task be thine; let that preſerve thy Name,
But *Tibbald!* vie no more with *Pope*, for Fame!

No more, miſtaken Men, with tuneleſs Throats,
Scream your diſlike to his harmonious Notes.
Bluſh to be plac'd in ſuch a publick Page!
The famous Dunces of ſo wiſe an Age!
For ſhame repent; deſerve a better Fate;
Exclaim no more; but ſtrive to immitate.
When Patrons ſhall prefer who beſt excell,
Or ceaſe to favour thoſe who flatter well.
When Patriots Friends to Learning ſhall commence;
Or, from Oblivion, raiſe one Man of Sence.
When laurel'd *Cibber* ſhall deſerve the Bays;
Or angry *Dennis* fright us into Praiſe.
When *Welſted*'s Works from Vanity are clear;
Or *Henley*'s Modeſty ſhall once appear:
When ſcribbling *Haywood* can her Linnen ſhift:
Or when *Concannen* can compare with *Swift*.
When *Moor* can *Congreve*'s comic Muſe excell,
Or write, like *Dodington*, politely well.
When *Johnſon* writes with charming *Otway*'s Art,
To touch the tender Paſſions of the Heart.
When Northern Bards glow, regularly warm;
Or ceaſe to break, and rattle in the Storm.
When *Blackmore*'s fiery Muſe ſhall once be found,
To riſe in eaſy Senſe, and ſink in Sound.
When Epic Poetry ſhall raiſe his Name,
Equal, at leaſt, to *Hill*'s aſpiring Fame.
When *Ralph*'s convinc'd how awkardly he howls;
Or meet with Anſwers, but from brother Owls.
When *Cook* can live with Credit, free from blame;
Or by his Poems, celebrate his Name.
When Journaliſts are grown above diſgrace;
Or thoughtleſs *Mitchell* rhimes himſelf in Place.
When *Bond* can *Clio* charm, with artleſs Tongue,
In Notes, as ſweet, as tuneful *Waller* ſung.

When

When Pamphlateers shall ceaſe to give Offence;
Or make their low, dull Scandal, common Senſe,
When that black Liſt of Vagrants looſe their Fears,
By getting Bread, at Hazard of their Ears.
Thoſe guilty Murtherers of every Age,
How home they ſtab, in ev'ry cruel Page?
Black as their Souls, how unprovok'd they ſtain,
The weeping Virgin, and the injur'd Swain?

When all theſe Crimes, and Follies are no more;
When Sons of Dullneſs give their ſcribbling o'er.
When *Dunciad* Heroes can with railing harm;
Then *Young*, Satyrie *Young* ſhall ceaſe to charm.
Or when they write with Harmony and Fire;
Then ever pleaſing *Pope* ſhall quit the Lyre.
Inſpiring Wit ſhall bleſs the dull profound;
And great King Log! ſhall with his Fame, be crown'd.

*FINIS.*

23 JY 68